



LEADING COMICS, No. 33. Oct.-Nov., 1948. Published bimouthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington-Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Feb. 13, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50. in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A-



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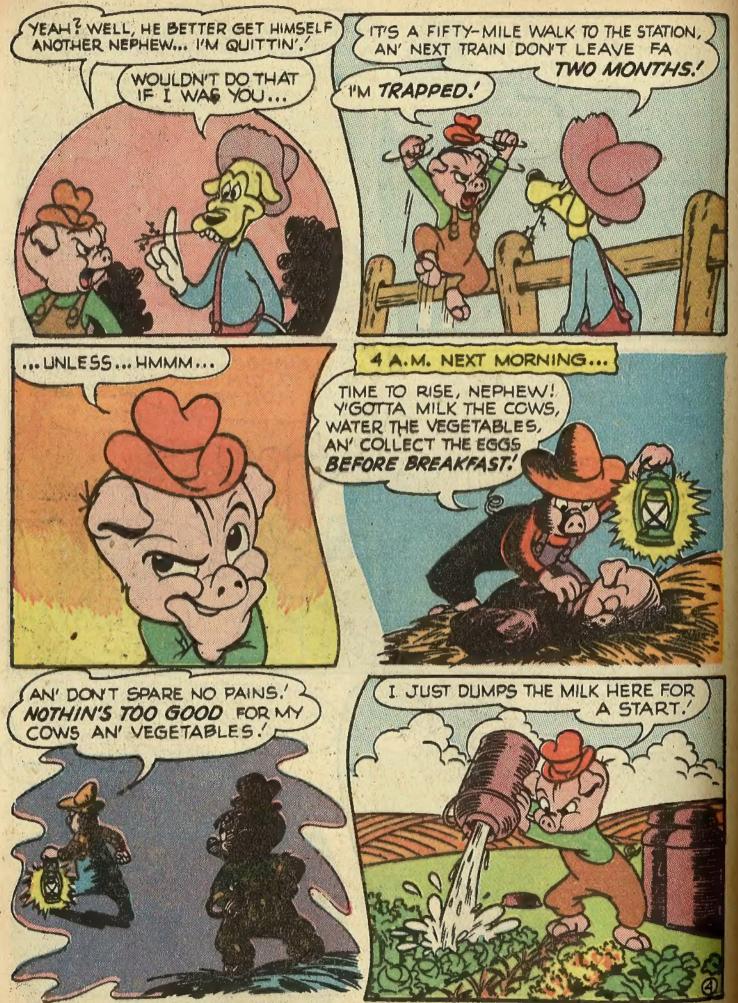
























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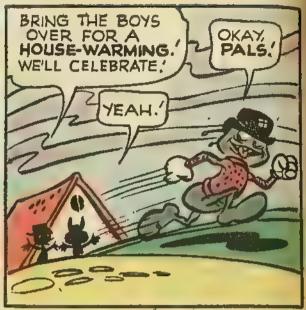








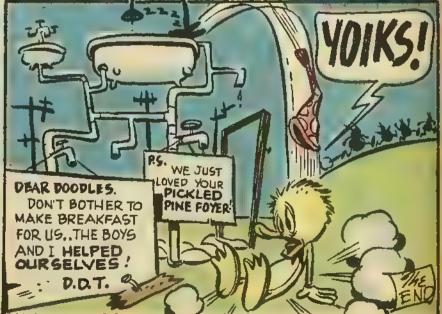
























HONEY, HONEY, HONEY!



YOU'LL LIKE OLD NICK, TOO!

CREAMY FUDGE, SMOOTH

CARAMEL ...CRISP, CRUNCHY

NUTS . THICKLY COATED WITH

LUSCIOUS MILK CHOCOLATE

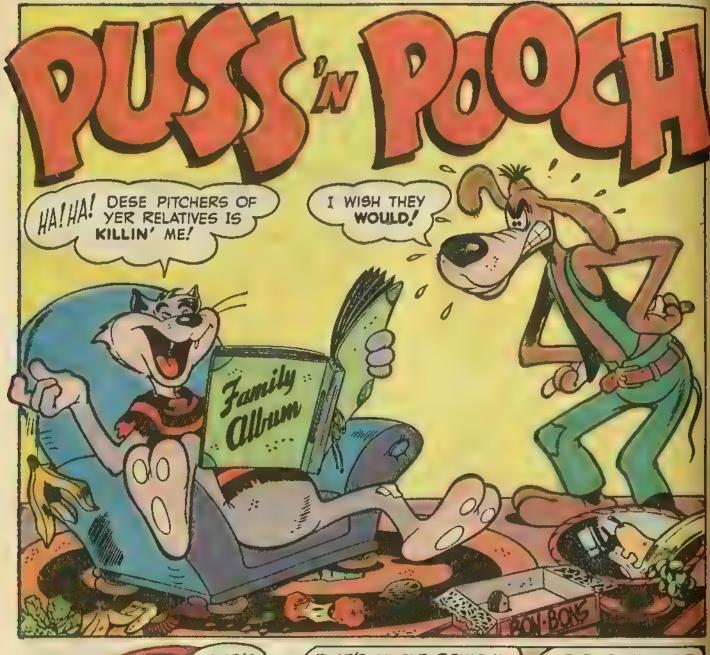
MAKE OLD NICK EXTRA

DELICIOUS!





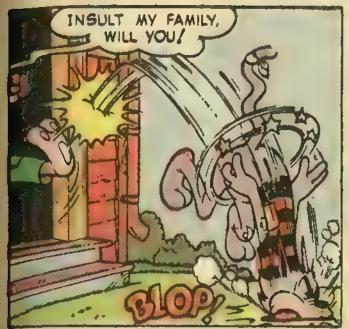






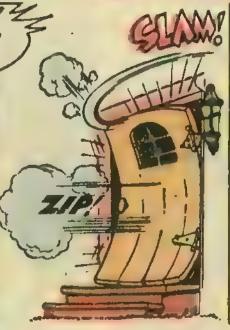
























































GEE, IT MUST BE EXCITING TO HUNT DIAMONDS!

YOU SAID IT!---IT'S
HAIR-RAISIN'! I KIN
REMEMBER----

IT WUZ IN DE HEART OF AFRICA---I WUZ LOST IN DE JUNGLE, TWENTY,
THOITY, FORTY DAYS WIDOUT
WATER ---- I WAS GITTIN' THOISTY!--



WOT I COME FER! I YOU WERE HUNTING PAING!

RAISES ME TRUSTY DID YOU NEED A GUN FOR?

BANG!



















TAKE IT EASY, POOCHIE,
OL' PAL!--- AIN'TCHA GOT
NO SENSE O' HUMOR?

的是一个

PUSS! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!













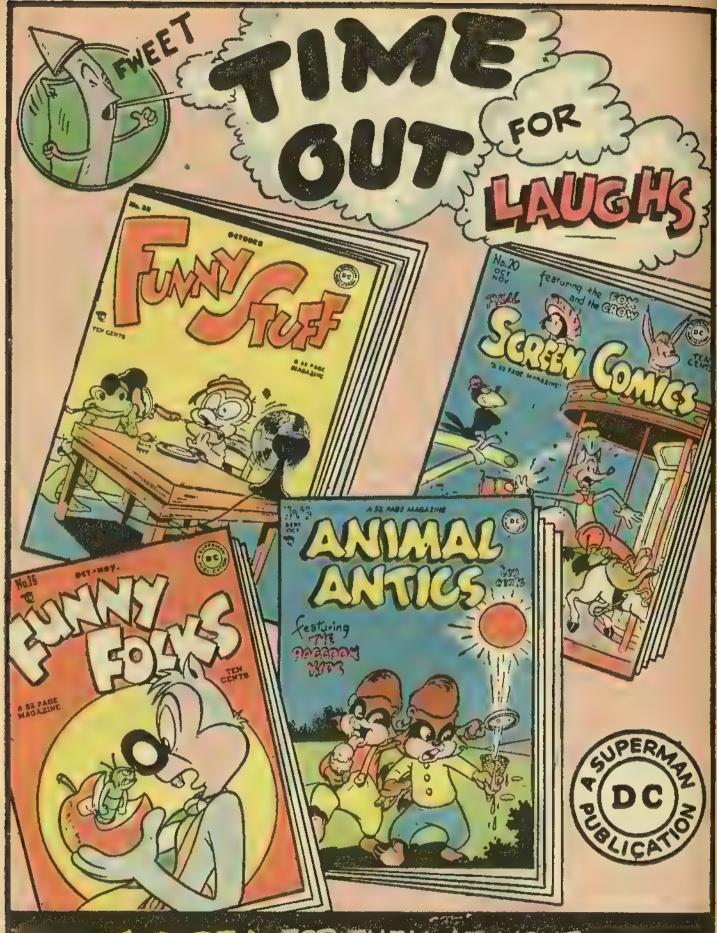






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COLLEGE



FAVORITE NEWSSTAND TODAY



















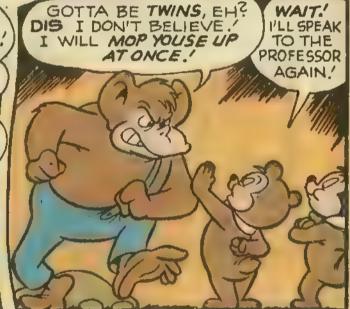










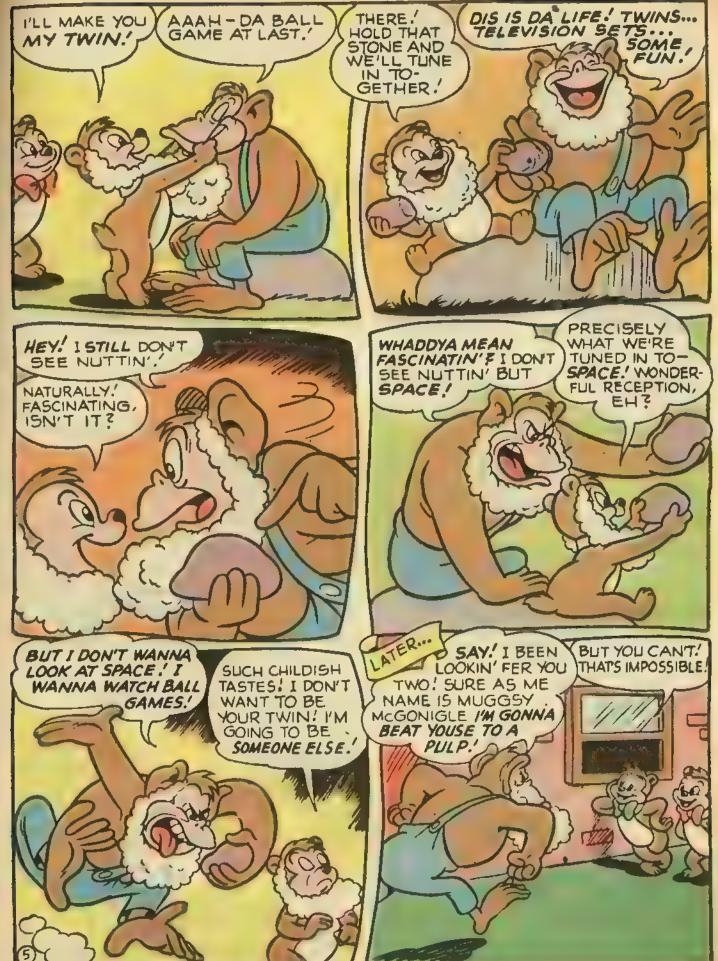


















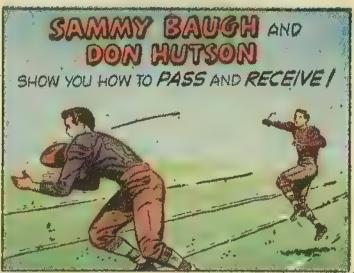


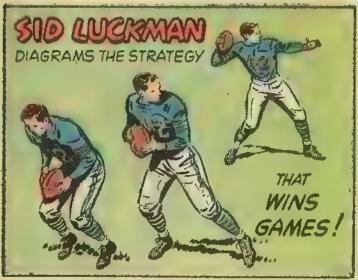
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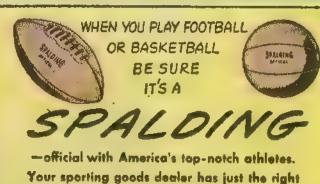
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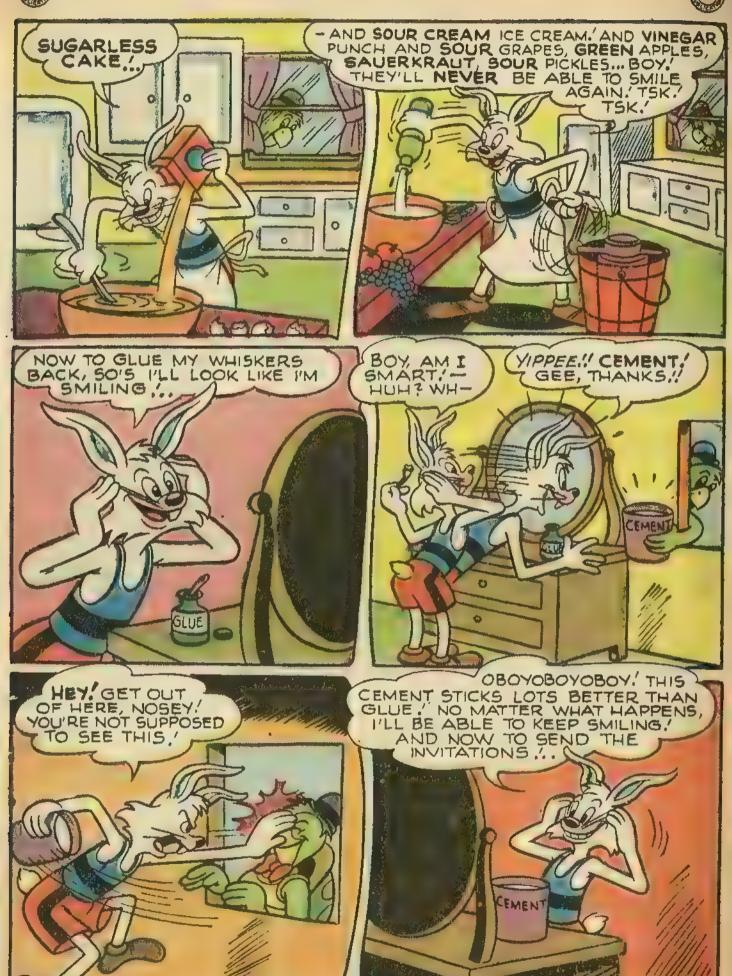














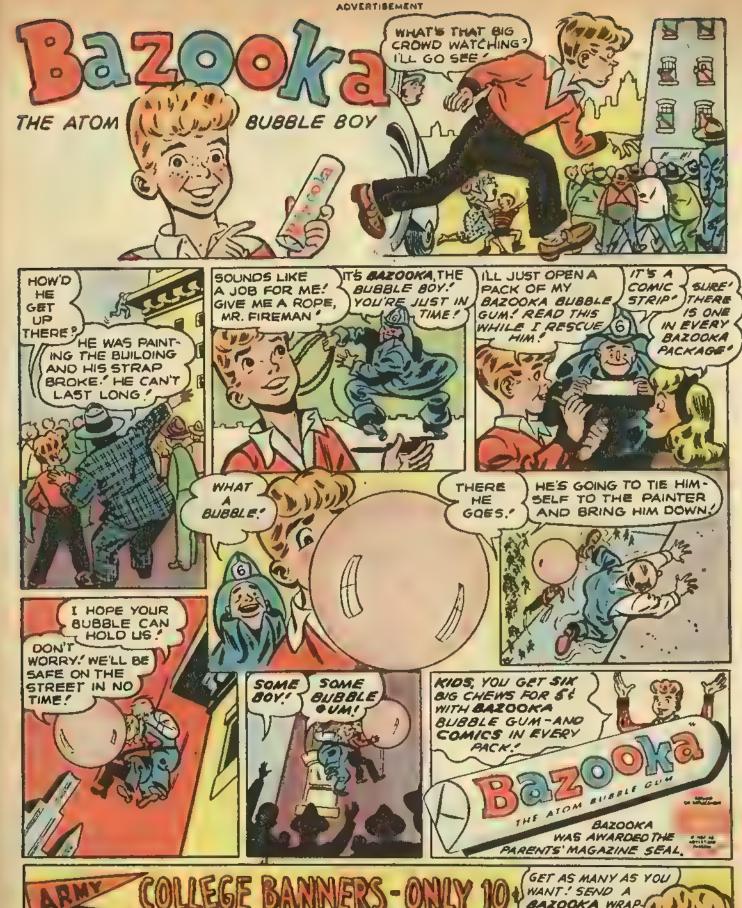








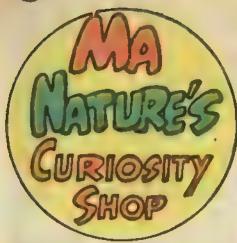












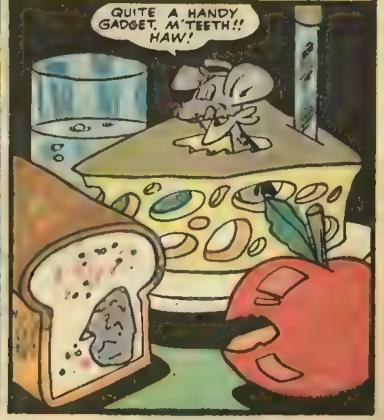
Young terns are spoiled Brats. After they have grown as big as their parents, the latter continue feeding them for a full year?



AMERICAN RABBITS DO NOT DIG THE
HOLES THEY LIVE IN, INSTEAD THEY
UTILIZE SUCH HOLES AS THEY CAN
FIND... AND IF THEY CANNOT FIND ONE,
THEY DO WITHOUT!



LTHOUGH BEAVERS, PORCUPINES, RATS AND
MICE DO A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF
GNAWING, THEY DON'T WEAR OUT THEIR TEETH,
BECAUSE ALL RODENTS' TEETH CONTINUE
GROWING THROUGHOUT THEIR LIVES!



NOT COUNTING OCEANS AND DESERTS. Y4 OF THE WORLD IS COVERED BY TREES!





Why The Opossum Hangs By His Tail

IT was nearing the end of the noontime siesta in the jungle, and practically everybody was still sound asleep. All the furred and feathered creatures were curled up, each in his own peculiar way.

The only one who stirred at all was Steve Squirrel, and he always was a light sleeper. He poked his head out of his hole in the big tree and looked around. All of a sudden Steve noticed things that he hadn't bothered about before.

Live and let live, sleep and let sleep—that had always been his motto. But the sight of Pat Parrot below him on the same tree made him smile and wonder.

Pat was perched on the branch with his head tucked under his wing. He was just a blob of green sitting there. Steve turned his eyes toward the pool. Near the edge, standing on one foot in the shallow water, his head tucked under a wing, was Casper Crane. Steve wondered how he managed to keep his balance, standing there on that one long, skinny leg.

Just then, Steve saw Pat Parrot come to life, and he scrambled down the tree trunk and squatted beside him.

"Say, Pat!" he exclaimed, "I was just looking around and watching the different ways that we animals sleep. Did you ever notice it?"

"Can't say that I did," said Pat. "Usually I'm asleep when everybody else is, so I haven't been able to. What's so odd about it?"

"Well, look at Casper Crane there, sleeping on one leg! And farther out is Horace Hippo—that is, I guess it's Horace! Nothing but his nose and ears are showing! And look at Tommy Turtle on the log, the way he's tucked himself in his shell, and—""

"Jabber, jabber, jabber!" said a quiet voice behind them.

Pat and Steve turned around in surprise and looked directly into the big, long face of Gerald Giraffe. Although the branch they were on was fifteen feet from the ground, his face was exactly level with their own.

"Why don't you knock or cough or something?" spluttered Pat. "You scared the life half out of me!"

"Well, you two were making such a racket, you wouldn't have heard me," said Gerald. "What's the topic of today's speech?"

"We were just talking about the way different ones sleep," said Steve. "Just take a look around and—"

"'Scuse me," broke in Gerald. "Don't look now, but the first chance you get, take a peek over your head to the next tree."

Three pairs of eyes turned in that direc-

tion, and there they saw Oswald Opossum.

"Hee, Hee, Hee!" laughed Pat and Steve in one voice. "Isn't that funny!"

For there was Oswald, hanging headdown with his call curled around a tiny branch, sound asleep. He even swayed a little back and forth in the gentle breeze.

The noise of the laughter wakened several others, who looked up. They were Bert Beaver and Philo Fox, and as they, too, saw Oswald Opossum in dreamland, they joined in the fun.

All of a sudden, Oswald opened his eyes, twisted around, and shinnled up his tail like a monkey going up a pole. Arriving right-side-up on the big limb, Oswald glared at the gathering and snorted.

"Well, what's so funny? Can't a person curl up for a nap without having an audience? What's 'this jungle coming to anyhow?"

"We were admiring the clever way you hang yourself to a branch by your tail and manage to sleep so soundly while upsidedown," said Gerald Giraffe, with a wink at the others.

"Nothing to it! Most natural thing in the world for a 'possum," said Oswald. "I've done it since I was a baby."

Pat Parrot cleared his throat loudly. "AHEM!"

"O.K., Pat. Let's have it," said Philo Fox, "Why does the opossum hang by his tail?"

"This tale of a tail," began Pat, "takes us back a million years ago to Oswald's ancestor, Oliver Opossum. Now, Oliver was an upstanding, upright-walking, upside-upsleeping little fellow. He looked very much like the opossum of today, except for one thing. He had a great, long, hairless tail that followed him around like a piece of rope.

"People were forever tripping over it, for they never expected such a long tail on such a tiny 'possum. It seemed like five minutes passed between the time that Oliver's snout went by and the end of the tail came along. And very often, when Oliver changed his mind while he was going one

way and decided to back track, he would trip over his own tail. He'd get it and himself tied up in knots and spend half a day untying it.

"Well, as time passed, Oliver was getting pretty mad at that tail of his. It was always in his and everybody else's way. And from being walked on and stamped on and jumped on and tripped over, it came to have no feeling in it at all. The only time he even noticed that somebody was standing on his tail was when he was stopped dead in his tracks by the pull of it. And there he'd have to stand, until the elephant, or whoever it was, moved on and left his tail free again. There was just no pain or feeling in it.

"One winter's eve, after a long day of hunting, he found a bit of ground that seemed quite warm. He lay down and went to sleep.

"Unknown to himself, he was sleeping near a Hot Spring. The water burbled and gurgled and sent up clouds of steam every once in a while. And that tail of his somehow spilled into the spring. As usual, Oliver felt nothing.

"In the morning, Oliver wakened and started on his way. But something was different, somehow. He seemed to be missing something—just what he didn't know. He looked around, and to his surprise, there wasn't any tail dragging along the ground! He opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

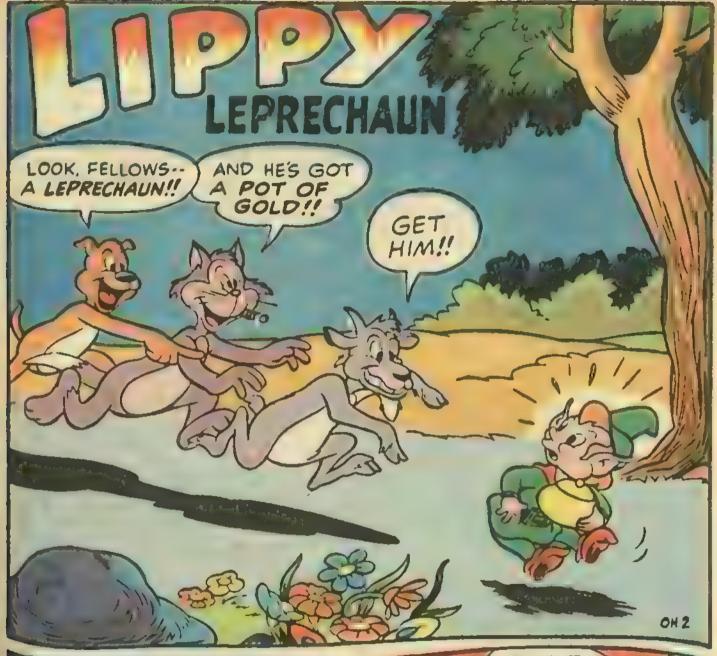
"His tail had a permanent wave! It curled up in the rear like a coiled spring, and strangest of all, it had shrunk! The heat and the water had done the trick."

"Oliver was so befuddled and surprised that he ran from that place like a deer. He scrambled up a tree, higher and higher. Then he slipped and fell. But not far.

"That marvelous new tail of his had caught on a branch and curled around it. So there he was, bouncing up and down, and strangely enough, enjoying every second of it. He just stayed there and saw a new world, an upside-down, wrong-side-up world that was most enchanting. He remained there so long that he dropped cff to sleep and never slept better in his life. And why not? He was sleeping on air!"





































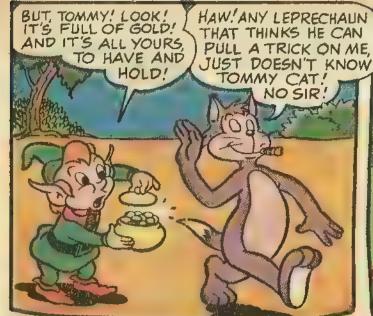
























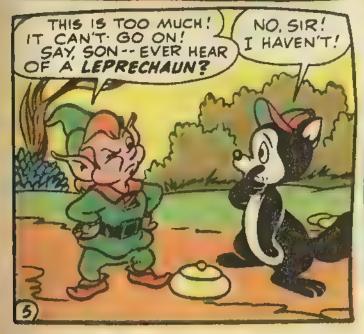








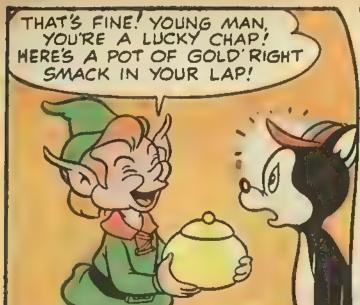


























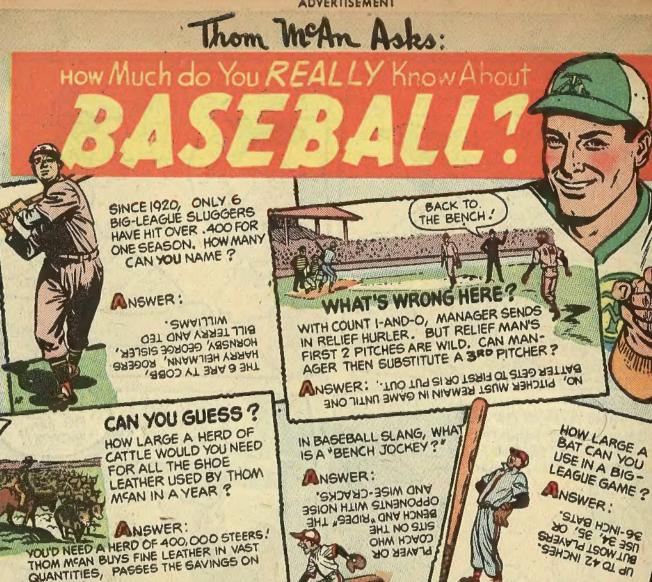












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